$1.00 " year

MARCH, 1948

The Liberalist

PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

THE STONE

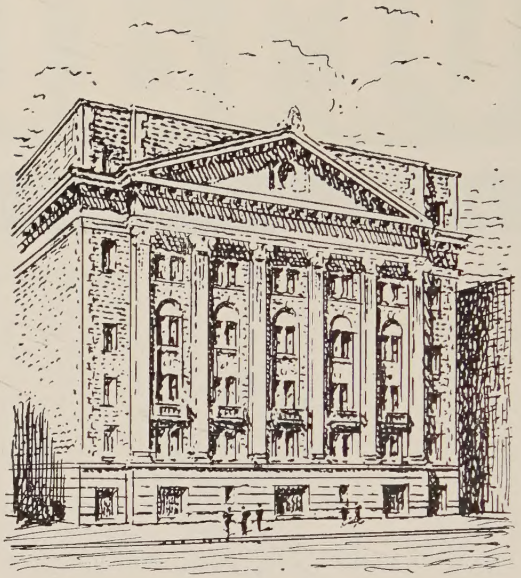
"Christ is risen, Christ is risen!"
The glad voices glibly say,
Yet he lies within the prison
Of our stolid hearts today.

No angel rolls away the stone
Of cowardice and greed.
It is our strength and ours alone
Can answer for that need.

Grant us strength in straining, lifting,
He on His side, we on ours,
Till at length, the boulder shifting,
Christ comes forth among the flowers.

Kenneth W. Porter

(From Thomas Curtis Clark's Anthology "Poems for Special Days and Occasions.")



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church. It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

Declaration of Principles

"The purpose of the church is to deal in plain terms with the supreme things in human life as measured by the rational conclusions of science and history. It seeks to promote a conception of nature, history and the meaning of life in accordance with the facts of experience and with the progress of growing knowledge. It is essentially religious, not in the traditional but in the scientific and ethical sense of the word. It regards religion as spiritual energy directing itself toward the enrichment of the individual life and the perfection of the social order. This church assumes the right of every one to think his or her own thoughts, and expects the greatest progress to follow from entire intellectual liberty and perfect freedom of judgment. It welcomes to its membership all who wish to co-operate in making a world which shall be enlightened by knowledge, guided by reason and animated by good-will."

The Liberalist

PRESTON BRADLEY, Editor
GRACE THAYER BRADLEY, Associate Editor

Volume XXIV **March, 1948** *Number 12*

The Peoples Church of Chicago

941 Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Rd.

* * *

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Chicago's well-known Pastor
Commentator, Author, Traveler and Humanitarian

SPEAKS TWICE EVERY SUNDAY

* * *

Sunday Morning Service—11 o'clock
Broadcast WJJD

Sunday Evening Service—7:30 o'clock
Not Broadcast

* * *

The Good—The True—The Beautiful
Our Only Creed

This Church is different. If you have given up church-going, why not attend one service some Sunday? Come once and you will come often. It is a church of the people and is in its 36th year. People of every creed, faith and race are invited. We publish a magazine, "The Liberalist," and a newspaper, "The Dial," every month. Write or 'phone Longbeach 6878 for information.

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

INVITES YOU

To Share The Lenten Season With Us

Hear

DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

In Vital Subjects

HOLY WEEK—MARCH 22 TO 26

ERLANGER THEATRE

127 N. Clark St. (Loop)

Every Noon—12:10 to 12:40 p. m.

Theme: "THE RADIANT LIFE"

Mon., Mar. 22—"Let Your Light Shine"
Tues., Mar. 23—"When the Shadows Lengthen"
Wed., Mar. 24—"When the Light Goes Out"
Thu., Mar. 25—"Lamplighters Along the Way"
Fri., Mar. 26—"A World Without Light"

* * *

THE PEOPLES CHURCH

941 Lawrence Av. at Sheridan Rd.

Every Night—8 o'clock

Theme: "REBUILDING OUR WORLD"

Mon., Mar. 22—"Is the Kingdom of God Realism?"
Tues., Mar. 23—"The World We Live In"
Wed., Mar. 24—"The Book Above All Books"
Thu., Mar. 25—"The Meaning of Memory"
Fri., Mar. 26—"Sharing the Crucifixion"

Easter Sunday

March 28th

FOUR GREAT SERVICES

9:00 a. m.—"GLORY OF THE MORNING"

11:00 a. m.—"EASTER IN THE HEART"

3:30 p. m.—"YE ARE MY WITNESSES"

New Members to be received
Christening Service for Children

7:30 p. m.—"LIFE AFTER DEATH"

(Closing Sunday Evening Service)

* * *

DR. BRADLEY'S

WEDNESDAY EVENING BOOK LECTURES

FOR MARCH

MAR. 3—"EAGLE AT MY EYES"—Norman Katkov

MAR. 10—"IDEAS HAVE CONSEQUENCES"—Richard M. Weaver

MAR. 17—"THE STEEP PLACES"—Norman Angell

MAR. 24—"THE BOOK ABOVE ALL BOOKS—THE BIBLE"

(Last Book Lecture of the Season)

* * *

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WGN—Every Evening at 6 o'clock (Monday through Friday)

WJJD—Every Sunday Morning the entire church service is broadcast from 11 to 12:30

The Study

March 1, 1948

Dear Friend:

Easter Day comes early this year—Sunday, March 28th! But no matter when the day arrives, it is the most victorious day in the entire year. The long, cold, weary weeks of winter will soon be only memories. When winter was doing its worst, we knew in our hearts that spring, blue skies, warm sunshine and golden days would come again. Easter is the great affirmation that love, beauty and truth are indestructible. Love finally has the victory. Easter is the celebration of triumph over every materialistic thing. Please accept this letter as a personal expression of my deep gratitude for all you have done for the work of our beloved church during the year. What a glorious year it has been!

We are planning the most inspiring Eastertide in the history of our church. Beginning Monday, March 22nd (Holy Week), I shall be speaking each noon at 12:10 in the Erlanger Theatre, 127 N. Clark St., in Chicago's Loop, and every evening at 8 o'clock in the church. There will be four great services on Easter Day in the church—9:00 and 11 o'clock in the morning and 3:30 and 7:30 in the evening. The Sunday evening services will close Easter night. New members will be received and children dedicated in the afternoon service. The Easter program begins with two services on Palm Sunday, March 21st.

Every friend and member of our church has always remembered the church with an Easter offering. The financial problem is always with us. We have no endowment and must depend on the free-will offering of the people we are trying to help. The needs are again increasing. The burdens are heavy. The demands are many. The spirit of cooperation and friendliness permeates the entire church. Every organization is alert, working, growing and effective. Now, we come to you and ask for an Easter offering to help keep our work ever developing. Please be generous. I am enclosing an envelope for your convenience. Please bring it or send it at any time. In the midst of the gladness and triumph of Easter might you find it possible to remember the church and our work with the best offering you find it possible to make. I shall be waiting to hear from you with pleasant anticipation.

May you and all your friends and loved ones have your Happiest Easter!

Your friend,

Preston Bradley

"COURAGE!"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
January 4, 1948

MRS. BRADLEY said something to me this morning that I thought was rather interesting. We were talking about the service this first Sunday of the New Year, and receiving our new members, and all the things that preachers' families talk about, and she said to me, "You know, this morning you are going to speak on 'Courage'." I said, "Yes, Mother, I am going to talk on Courage." "Well," she said, "how many Sunday mornings, the first Sunday of the New Year, have you spoken on 'Courage'?" "Well, how long have we been at the Church?" "You know," she said, "we have been there a long time, about 36 years." It will be 36 years on the 7th of July. I said, "Thirty-six years, and every first Sunday of each New Year I have had the same subject 'Courage!' " Here is the interesting thing which she said to me: "Well," she said, "I hate to tell you this because I don't want you to feel puffed up about it, but I think you are the finest example I know of your subject." That did puff me up a little bit, I felt very good about that. You know it takes courage to speak on the same subject on the same Sunday for thirty-six years. Then she said to me, "Do you think you will say anything new?" I said, "No, I think I have said it all." Preaching for about 30 or 35 minutes for 36 years on one subject you can say it all pretty nearly.

I had an appointment with a gentleman at 9:30 one Sunday morning, he was flying in from New York. His plane was two hours late and he arrived at the time our church service was on, so I could not talk with him then. He came in with an usher and sat down in the church. As he came into the Church he said to the usher, "How long has he been talking?" "Thirty-six years," replied the usher. "Then he must be pretty nearly through, I'll sit down and wait."

I have been speaking about this subject for 36 years. I don't expect to say anything new, but after all, why should I apologize if I should repeat anything that I have said about it? No one apologizes when you are invited to the theater to see "Hamlet." Everybody knows how Hamlet ends. The school youngsters can repeat quotation after quotation from Hamlet. Those of you who went to see "Oklahoma" a dozen or more times, you knew exactly what the songs were going to be, the plot, it was all repetition. Nobody apologizes for repeating "Oklahoma," "Hamlet," or the "Moonlight Sonata," or repeating the singing of the "Ave Maria." Nobody apologizes for the repetition of good things; why should I apologize for saying something I said before if it was worth saying? If it was worth saying the first time it is worth saying over and over again, I hope. If it was worth saying once and it helped somebody once it certainly can help them again. I don't worry about that.

It reminds me of when I was yet a youngster, in the first church I ever had; I was a student minister, and my first church was in Port Hope, on Lake Huron, a beautiful country. Port Hope, what a lovely name that is. I had a little church up there, very small

church, and I preached up there one summer while going to school. I was just a student and I remember the Saturday evening that I arrived in the little town on the Pere Marquette Railroad from Port Huron. In this little town that church had not been opened since the last summer preceding, because an old man, who was an officer in the church, gave me the key on that Saturday evening and said, "You had better go and look at it and see what you think of it." I opened the door, and there were bushels of dead flies, wasps and hornets! . . . Lots of times there are a lot of dead things around the church, but I never saw so many dead things in one church. I took a broom and swept and dusted the pews. There was an old Bible that was worn out and looked terrible, but I went over that little church from stem to stern and I worked until nearly midnight. I will never forget it. The next Sunday morning we opened the church. Well, it is amazing how much I knew then. I think I knew more then than I have known since. That is one of the glories of being young—you know so much! You don't know that you don't know. When you know that you don't know, that is the beginning of wisdom. Youth does not know, but it thinks it does. They know what is the matter with you and me, and everybody. Just ask them, they will tell you. I like that, it is all right.

Well, I worked away for several weeks up there. The fact of the matter was that there were three churches and I preached in all three of them. I drove 28 miles every Sunday for $30.00 a month. That was not much of a salary, but I was not much of a preacher—it was about all I was worth, I think. Then one day I received a letter from another church that was about 100 miles away. It was in a little town that was a metropolis to me—it had 820 people—that was the population at the time. This letter said, "We have heard about you up there in Port Hope and you are a young man looking forward to the ministry"—I was attending Alma College—"and we are looking for a young man who will grow up with our congregation. We would like to have you come down and preach for us some Sunday." That was what I was waiting for. I believe the Lord provides, but sometimes if you can help the Lord out it is a good thing to do because He is very busy, and it is very good to do something yourselves sometimes, and not wait. Here was my opportunity and I wanted to be ready, so I went down to the other town, took the train on a Saturday afternoon and landed at about four o'clock in this little village. As I alighted from the train I saw a man coming down the platform of this little station that I knew was the deacon. Not only did he turn out to be the deacon, but he was the deacon-est deacon that you ever saw in your life and he came up to me, very austerely, and said, "You are the young man who is going to preach for us tomorrow?" "Yes." "You are going to stay with me." We sat down to the supper table, not the dinner table . . . those days we had supper at 6 o'clock and dinner at 12 noon. We sat down to have supper and the deacon kept looking at me. I knew that the gimlet of his imagination was at work on my soul and I tried to be very nonchalant, I wanted to indicate experience. This little church was paying $60.00 a month and I thought I would like to go there. (Since starting this service I have seen two or three people in the congregation looking very glum. Now do break up that tension for that is no way to enter the New Year. You will get through it all right.) Oh, I am so

grateful for one thing above all others on the first Sunday of this New Year, and that is that I have not lost my sense of humor. I hope they will carry me into this Church in a box and out again when I lose my sense of humor. Without it I do not want to live any longer. There is enough in this life to break your heart every hour of the day, and I meet it all. I meet as much tragedy as any person; from early morning until midnight, trouble comes to my heart from people. Last night, early this morning, all of the time—the trouble people can get into; illness, this, that, and the other. I get it all the time. "How do you stand it?" they say to me repeatedly. "How do I stand it?" By keeping my sense of values straight, that is the way to stand it. There are a lot of people not standing life because they have a twisted sense of values, they don't know how to build a fortification to prevent their own disintegration of life. *IT IS NOT WHAT TROUBLE DOES TO YOU OR ME;* I have had plenty of it, that is not the question at all, nor is it for you to get away from trouble, to miss trouble; *IT IS WHAT YOU DO TO TROUBLE THAT MATTERS, THAT'S THE THING!* There are many people who accept trouble and let it floor them and slay them and they don't try to do a thing to trouble, they just pass it up and say "Old Man Trouble is here" and they go to pieces, they give up, whine, complain, criticize, devitalize themselves, destroy their own potentialities, and find themselves disintegrated, disqualified with life! *It is not what "Old Man Trouble" does to you, it is what you do to Old Man Trouble —that's the basis of courage!*

Now, where was I? Oh, yes, I was at the supper table. So I sat down to the supper table and the deacon kept pointing his finger at me and looking at me, and finally wound up with this: "Well," he says, "young man, what do you propose to preach about in the morning?" I expected that. You don't know the number of people there are in this world who could not get up in public and recite the multiplication table or alphabet but will tell somebody else how it ought to be done. If they had to get up and preach a sermon they could not say "Booh" but they look at you and tell you how to preach one. There are a lot of them; some of them are here this morning. I did not know there were so many of them, but there are *some* of them here this morning. "What do you propose to preach about?" the deacon inquired. I was expecting that. Do you know, before I went down there, I spent the whole week saying to myself, "I am going to get a sermon that will be so homiletically perfect with such exquisite phrasing, such telling and impressive illustrations . . . I will give my firstly, secondly, thirdly, and fourthly, and not do what I usually do, get the fourthly ahead of the secondly, and so on; this is going to be perfect, homiletically perfect so that when they hear that sermon they will say 'This Church cannot go on another week without that young man. We cannot go another week without him.' " That was what I tried to do. I am honest about it, and I worked for that whole week. I have that sermon. Some day I will get it out and preach it for you; I still have it.

Well then, after I worked on the sermon I said, "What will I call it? I have to name it something. I had better get more than one subject, and sort of have them synchronize and harmonize." I wanted to appear a little versatile. Originality is not a test of genius. A lot of people think it is, but it is not. The test of genius is *univer-*

sality. So I said, "I want to appear universal: 'The Reality of the Spiritual,' 'The Spiritual Progress of the Soul,'" Oh, I had four or five fine subjects. So when he looked across the supper table at me and asked, "What do you propose to preach about?" I replied, "I have not decided, I may speak on 'The Reality of the Spiritual,' 'The Spiritual Development of the Human Personality,' or I may speak on 'The Place of Jesus in the Development of Values.'" His chin dropped and his eyes opened and after I had recited the several subjects, he said, "Well, I think that one will suit our congregation best, that is the one we want." I knew that would come; what he did not know was that whichever subject he would pick out I knew what sermon he would get; it did not make a particle of difference because I only had one sermon—just one. And why not? That is all I have now, is one sermon. Every minister who is trying to be a curé of souls has only one theme and everything is but a variation of that one theme. That is all a great piece of music has, or a great creative genius.

Supposing you would come to a thatched roof cottage down in Stratford in Britain and in an old trunk, dusty and musty, with the iron bands tarnished with rust, you would find an old portfolio and take it out. The name has been obliterated by time, but you read a great play, and you read characterizations, and you say, "That sounds like 'Hamlet,' 'King Lear,' 'Macbeth' or 'Othello,'" and you would say, "There was one mind in the world that could produce that, and that was Shakespeare!" Why would you recognize that unknown portfolio as Shakespeare's? Because he only had one theme, one theme in all of his creative genius.

Supposing you would go to the coast of France and there find in an old cottage packed somewhere in a damp garret a roll, and when you unrolled it there was the beauty, the quiet loveliness of the coloring, the soft tones, the lovely impressionism, as you look at some peasant with big hands and noble face, and you would look in the corner to see what artist painted that picture, but the name of the artist was gone. But the Art connoisseur would say, "There is only one artist who could ever have painted that canvas; his name is Millet," because he knows "The Angelus" and "The Gleaners"—he never had but one theme.

It is the strange beauty of an unknown Nocturne, weird and lovely minors that touch the depth of the soul. Listen to it! Who could that be? I never heard that before. Where did it come from? I know, I know! Only one creative artist in the whole realm of music could ever have written a nocturne like that! Chopin! Why? Because Chopin had only one theme. And every minister who is trying to touch human life and point it skyward and starward only has one theme, and that's all I have when you come right down to it. I have never preached but one sermon in my life because there is one dominating golden thread that runs through the whole fabric of my life, that is the thread of courage, and if I could give this old world today one holiday gift—if I could give it one gift—if it was in the magic of my own power to give this world and all the people in it, one gift—I hear you say Love? No. I hear you say, Understanding? No. I hear you say, Peace? No. If I could give the people of the earth one gift on this first Sunday morning of this unknown year, it would be *COURAGE!* For I know if we had courage in our intellectual processes we could build the pattern of a world

unity which would settle our problem of war. So, I would not give peace, I would give *COURAGE!* I know that if we all had courage to say, do, think, act, and be what we should do, think, act and be, that the problems of poverty would be over, and the economic disasters would cease, and the hate and misunderstanding between nations would die. The trouble with us is that we have not the courage—that's what's the matter with us! We are always asking the question, "What would they say? What would they think, if I should do this, if I should say that, if I should be this?" Always conditioning everything by the pressure of public conformity. So we go on hating, killing, slaying, dying, failing. Why, most individual failures are failures not of the will, not of the intellect, not even a spiritual malformation; most of the individual failures are failures of WILL POWER — COURAGE — they don't come to terms with reality, we lack the courage to stand up! If I had one word to say to the youth of this generation, those who must be killed in a war, if it breaks, it would be to say to the youth of this generation and of the world, *COURAGE TO FACE THE WAR-MAKERS OF THE NATIONS* and say to them, *"WE ARE THROUGH DYING FOR NOTHING! WE PROPOSE NOW TO LIVE FOR SOMETHING!" THAT TAKES COURAGE!*

More courage than most of us have, to say that! It takes courage to take the unpopular point of view! It takes courage to stand against the mob! It takes courage to stand out in the mass! It takes courage to think for yourself! It takes courage to defeat an outgrown tradition! It takes courage to live life beautifully and to live it magnificently, and yet it is the only living of life that is worth while.

So, don't be afraid of 1948. Don't one of you be afraid of it! Make up your minds that it is not what that year is going to do to you, but what you are going to do to that year. That is the thing that will make it the best year. So, don't be afraid of it. Put your shoulders back and your chin up; look at it straight in the face! When it does its worst to you, remember that enough of it can bring out the best of you, for sometimes your *best* is only revealed in the *worst* that happens to us. So, take it, and in the vernacular of the street, "Take it on the chin" and don't be afraid of the night, nor the tomorrows of life! Don't be afraid of them. My word to the New Year is *COURAGE!* Would to God I had a million people now, all the peoples of this city and of this earth that I know are floundering, floundering, floundering on sinking sands that are engulfing them, and they are sick, tired, worried, and afraid, and life has been brutal and unkind. Oh, I wish I had their ear for a moment; I wish they were seated in this Church! How I covet on this first Sunday of this year to shout to the depths of their souls, *COURAGE! COME ON NOW —COURAGE! WE'LL FACE IT AND WE'LL MAKE IT!* Have no doubt about that!

One of my dear friends who was a blind astronomer. . . . Some of you knew him, Doctor Frost of the Yerkes Observatory at Lake Geneva, seeing planets, stars—and when Doctor Frost was at the end of things and he knew that death was only a few hours, aye, minutes, away, someone said to him, for he had a fine, spacious, liberated and free mind, and they said, "Doctor Frost, you are facing the unknown, what does it mean? Are you afraid?" And he uttered this imperishable reply: "I have seen too many stars to be afraid of the night."

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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GRACE THAYER BRADLEY.....Associate Editor
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EDITORIAL

A FAMOUS judge remarked that when he went home from the bench every afternoon, he exchanged his shoes for a comfortable pair of slippers. "When I take off my shoes," he said, "I take off my cares and worries; when I put on my slippers, I slip on also the feeling of comfort and ease."

There is great wisdom in that practice of the Judge, for much of the cause of the worry habit is our inability to rid our minds of the annoyances of the day. Perhaps someone is reading these lines who has had a hectic, busy day, and you have taken home with you the cares and the problems. Why did you not leave them in the office when you went out? Why carry them around with you this evening, or let them disturb the good night's rest that you probably need in order to face the problems of tomorrow? It can be done. With a little disciplining of your own mental habits, you will be amazed what you can accomplish in a few days of honest trial and if you will work hard at the task.

Of all the means ever found, to conquer worry, there is none like faith. Faith in life; faith in the universe; faith in the reign of goodness and beauty and truth. Faith in yourself. He who is conscious of his birthright in such a universe, who knows he is a child of God, can never so lose faith in himself and in the rewards of right living, as to permit worry to destroy his happiness and tranquility. The sense of oneness with the divine order, the fine confidence of a sincere and living faith, I commend to you as the perfect protection of self-mastery and self-control. Into the life of faith, the tarnishing of worry cannot come, and it is too pure a metal to ever corrode. P.B.

BOOK CHATS

AT such a time as we are now in, personalities stand out, etched against the sky of principles. The men and women who today occupy our attention in every area of life are well known and their names are on the lips of us all. Stalin, Bevin, Truman, MacArthur, Eisenhower, Wallace—all these names conjure the vividness of the personality. It is indicative that in the hearts and minds of the people of the world, there are stirring thoughts and reflections far above the nationalistic and racial emphasis which many personalities bring. There is the name of Gandhi, and it is surely symptomatic that the name of Albert Schweitzer—who has played no part in the councils of nations and the organizations, investigations, committees, meetings, conferences which have been held throughout the world—that name increasingly is becoming recognized, honored, esteemed above all the others.

Albert Schweitzer, in Life Magazine of October 6th, was called the greatest man in the world. Perhaps many of my readers will remember the book talk which I gave upon "The Prophet in the Wilderness." That prophet was Albert Schweitzer. That book was one of the most widely bought and read during the holiday season, this year. I have had many letters from people who were introduced to Albert Schweitzer in that broadcast and I consider it a great honor to have had that exalted privilege. Now the book I first bring to your attention in this month's Book Chats, is an anthology of the writings of Albert Schweitzer. It is called just that: "Albert Schweitzer—An Anthology." In America many of Dr. Schweitzer's greatest books are now out of print and can be obtained only with the greatest difficulty; and the value of this book I am calling to your attention—and those of you who read The Prophet in the Wilderness I am sure will be grateful—is that it brings you carefully selected extracts from Dr. Schweitzer's writings, all arranged under headings, carefully indexed, which make available to you the very life-holding kernel of his fine mind and noble thinking. My copy is alongside of "The Prophet in the Wilderness" and also the definitive biography by George Seaver, in which he analyzes Albert Schweitzer, the man and his mind.

With all the confused thinking and barren phraseology, trite, outgrown platitudes, irritating repetition of meaningless phrases, which characterize so much of speaking and writing today, it is a refreshing, inspiring and exhilarating experience to read Albert Schweitzer. As Romaine Rolland wrote "Above the Battle," in another age comparable to this, so Albert Schweitzer and his thought stands above the battle of this catastrophic world today. Charles R. Joy made this anthology—and again you may remember—I had Mr. Joy on the air with me one evening on my WGN broadcast. I have known him for many years, and the work which he did with the Unitarian Service Committee in Europe during the war is known throughout the world. Dr. Joy became interested in Albert Schweitzer and he made this anthology from the writings that were extant in English and those that were in French and German he ably translated, and

then took the whole product out to French equatorial Africa, where the great Dr. Schweitzer carries on in his noble profession in the Schweitzer hospital. Dr. Schweitzer went over these selections and put his approval upon them.

Albert Schweitzer is one of the foremost spiritual and ethical figures of our time, until one can say without exaggeration there is no other personality of equal eminence. The more people know him, know his work, know his life, know his thought, the nearer we will come to understanding and appreciation of all the peoples of this earth. Upon such and such alone I am convinced can be built the citadel of permanent peace. He will do more than all the politicians and all the diplomats and all the governments of this earth. That is why I am desirous of bringing to as many as I possibly can reach, this personality—this great man. He well may emerge as one of the great leaders of mankind.

Albert Schweitzer is 72 years old now, and on the edge of this primeval forest in Africa, far from the hills and valleys where his own sheltered childhood was spent, far from the cultured circles of Europe, where he moved about so easily during his early manhood, far from those great evenings of public acclaim when, in concerts all over Europe, he demonstrated his incomparable ability as an organist, and interpreter particularly of Bach, far from all this, now he thinks and writes and heals, while he gives to the world an inspiration and a pattern. There on the banks of an African river, which flows into the Atlantic, just north of the Congo ,he has established his home and his work, and from that place of heat and tropical environment his soul overflows until it touches the ends of the earth. All his life he has lived in communication with nature and reality. Even in the lovely Alsatian countryside where he was born, he seldom knew a perfectly happy moment. He was troubled by the cruelty he saw, the sickness and pain everywhere. He could not even join the village boys in their bird hunts or fishing expeditions, and when the evening prayers were said, and his mother had kissed him goodnight, he added his own little prayer of childish faith: "Protect and bless all things that have breath; guard them from all evil, and let them sleep in peace." So began, in tender, plastic years, his concern for the humblest of all living things; concern which has developed into the crowning principle of all his ethics; reverence for life. That is his great phrase: Reverence for life. At a time when human life was not as cheap as it is now, and at a time when we have spent the lives of 35 million human beings in a quarter of a century, in the uselessness of war, what would happen to our world if we all had a reverence for life? He has had a distinguished career as a theologian, a philosopher, a musician, a teacher, a surgeon. And yet, out there beyond the horizon of his early vision, was the beggar Lazarus, full of sores, lying at the gate waiting for the crumbs to fall. And this brilliant critic of Kant, this pioneering, New Testament scholar, this distinguished teacher, he who was acclaimed one of the greatest of all organists, could not stand the look in the eye of a stricken Lazarus. And so all of his degrees, Doctor of Philosophy, Doctor of Theology, Doctor of Music, became vain baubles to him, and he knew he must win another doctorate, that of medicine, and he did. And now he is becoming truly the Doctor in its highest sense, for it comes from the old Latin and means teacher. He can help us spread the balm on the wounds of

the nations and give us beauty for ashes. Read all you can find, and above all, get this book — "Albert Schweitzer — An Anthology," published by Harpers.

* * *

As I read over the mail which came to my desk this past week I realized how helpful the next book I shall mention might be to my readers. I am so grateful for your wonderful response to my book reviews, wherever given; whether on the air, in the Peoples Church or in these pages of The Liberalist. Your letters are encouraging and inspiring to me and make all my effort so very worth while. Many letters come in wanting help for one problem and another, and especially needing encouragement. Well the little book I have chosen to tell you about next is called "Something To Live By," and is a compilation by Dorothea S. Kopplin which she designed to be a help and comfort for all ages. Mrs. Kopplin says in her preface to the book: "When, twenty years ago, I was told I could not live to bring up my children, I decided to write a book to serve as a substitute in their lives. The task was to bridge the gap in education not filled by church or school, and to do so in a way that would develop individuals with ability and desire to find happiness and contentment in life." She thought about the poems, the sayings and inspired writings that had helped her in life, and which she thought could help her children as well as others to meet life's problems. And gradually a pattern emerged. Then a beautiful thing happened, as so often does when we submerge our own self, our own desires and amibitions in order to give service to others. The author's life was spared and she devoted many years to perfecting her book and developing her philosophy of contentment and happiness in life.

The strength of the book lies in the simplicity of the thoughts assembled. And no matter how sophisticated you may think you are, you will find something inspiring that will lift your spirits and give you fresh courage and power and joy. The book is for old and young alike. The author talks to us in terms of thoughts from literature which she found true and helpful in her life. This book has a very special appeal to me for in it I find so many selections that have become almost a part of my life through the years. Mrs. Kopplin prefaces one of my favorite bits of poetry with this sentence: "Each unit of nature has its special work to do and each performs its function to perfection in accordance with the laws of the universe. So also human beings, each has a distinct contribution to make. Be what you were intended to be. Give what you OUGHT to give." Then she gives that little poem by Douglas Malloch which begins, you remember,

"If you can't be a pine on the top
of the hill
Be a scrub in the valley—but be
The *best* little scrub by the side of
the rill;
Be a bush if you can't be a tree."

A very complete index in the back of the book gives credit for each quotation or poem included in the book. The quotation I have just given came from the first chapter. There are 14 chapters in all and the book consists of 197 pages. The first chapter is entitled "What Is Happiness?", the next "Where Is Happiness?", then "Here Is Encouragement," next "The Purpose of Sorrow and How to Meet it Courageously." The fifth chapter has this interesting title: "Definite Laws Control Friendship." When I read that, I

turned to the fifth chapter and read "A man that hath friends must show himself friendly." Now I know many of you will be surprised when I tell you that that quotation comes from the Bible, in the book of Proverbs. And she follows that quote with the lovely little poem of Nixon Waterman's which I often use—which begins, "If I knew you and you knew me." And a verse by an unknown author, which she heads "The time for kindness is now":

"Friends, in this world of hurry
And work and sudden end—
If a thought comes quick, of doing
A kindness to a friend—
Do it this very instant!
Don't put it off, don't wait;
What's the use of doing a kindness
If you do it a day too late?"

There's a chapter on "Love," one on "Family Life," on "Life's True Values," one on "Humor." At the beginning of the chapter on Humor, the author tells us that humor oils the wheels of life and helps to keep it running smoothly. Well, I'm sure many of us have found that it is much easier to take criticism if it is given in a humorous sort of way, and with a smile instead of a scowl. I found this in that chapter: "If you must carry a *chip* on your shoulder, get a job in a lumber yard, where it won't be noticed." The tenth chapter is "Sense of Proportion." And here again I found one of my favorites by Longfellow:

"Nothing useless is, or low;
Each thing in its place is best;
And what seems but idle show
Strengthens and supports the rest."

And Ralph Waldo Emerson's "Mountain and the Squirrel" is included in this chapter. I do so appreciate the title of the next chapter, which the author calls "The Value of Time." And there I found of course, "The Salutation of the Dawn." And the more I read in this book, the more I felt that to anyone owning the book it would seem priceless, for the contents would become very precious, for at a moment's notice one can choose the chapter heading which fits the need of the moment and turn to page after page of helpfulness.

Can anyone conceive of any person who would try to be more helpful than a loving, conscientious mother who was writing a book as a record of helpfulness for her children? And so the last three chapters are called "To Help Life Run Smoothly," "The Meaning of God," and the fourteenth is titled "Brotherhood." How beautiful that Dorothea Kopplin should have closed her book with "The Meaning of God," followed by "Brotherhood." There is a philosophy of living, right in those two chapter headings. I must give you a quotation from William Burnham which I turned to under the heading "To Help Life Run Smoothly":

> "Do not criticize your part in the play of life; but *study* it, *understand* it, and then *play* it, sick or well, rich or poor, *with courage,* and with proper grace."

Here is a very beautiful quotation from Victor Hugo:

> "Certain thoughts are prayers. There are moments when, whatever be the attitude of the body, the soul is on its knees."

I was delighted to find that Mrs. Kopplin has included in her book "The Story of the Other Wise Man," (a condensed form) by Henry Van Dyke, which so many have said is the most beautiful story I have ever given at Christmastime. Truly it is an inspiration just to glance through the index of this little book, for the poets of the ages are there, and if one had no other

purpose than to acquaint themselves with fine literature, that would be reason enough for owning the book, but added to all this, the purpose back of its compilation breathes through its every page. The author closes her book with this little poem by Winfred Ernest Garrison:

Softly I closed the book as in a dream
And let its echoes linger to redeem
Silence with music, darkness with its gleam.

That day I worked no more, I could not bring
My hands to toil, my thoughts to trafficking,
A new light shone on every common thing.

Celestial glories flamed before my gaze,
That day I worked no more, but to God's praise,
I shall work better *all my other days.*"

"Something to Live By," by Dorothea S. Kopplin, and published by Garden City Publishing Company.

P.B.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By GRACE THAYER BRADLEY

FEBRUARY, shortest month of the year, is rapidly striding toward its close, to leave room for March to blow in. March, windy, often cold and long though it is, we welcome gladly because, oh, happy thought, it carries with it the first day of Spring to present to us on the twenty-first of the month, "Sure as death and taxes!" I don't know why three days should make such a difference in *feeling,* one might say, of time (this leap year only two days in fact), but it does, for February always seems unbelievably short—no sooner entered than it makes its exit, in one hop, skip and jump from January to March.

In this fast moving world and rapid passing of time, most people seem to miss completely the almost mystic changes in nature taking place around us. Either they are not atune to color and beauty, or they haven't time to notice while the days are passing by. To the majority it is fall or winter, spring or summer, according to the calendar, and that's that. I feel truly sorry for these people who do not notice birds and trees, sky and clouds, and the inspiring beauty of color.

In February some lovely things happen. Color begins to enter the dark scene of Winter. The quite heavy snowfall of yesterday still lies clean and white over the ground, and across it in the park the brilliant sunshine of today casts long, lacy tree shadows, and I notice for the first time these shadows have the least tone of warmth in them—they do not look cold as they stretch their length over the snow. I thought as I walked along the border of the park—soon there will be color creeping into the bark of the trees, first purplish, then tones of rose, deepening into warm brown and green. It is always a thrill to me when I see this early change of color tone in the tree

bark. And then my ear caught the first tuneful note of Spring's approach—a flock of little grey sparrows chirping and gossiping excitedly and happily (it seemed), fluttering back and forth from branches to ground among a clump of bushes. Their chatter had a musical note, which is a cheery, hopeful sound to those who hear it—for truly it is the spring-song of these particular birds at this time of the season and at no other time could any stretch of the imagination call them musical. The north wind may blow and we may wear our furs for some time yet, but—the sparrows are singing their "song of love" and Spring *is* on the way!

* * *

Dr. Bradley receives so many letters from his radio audience suggesting they would like so much to have his broadcasts in book form, so they might turn to helpful and favorite talks whenever they might choose to, so on a broadcast last week he mentioned this apparent desire of many of his listeners, and asked those who would appreciate a book of selected scripts being published to send him a card. Needless to say he has received several hundred replies. I am wondering if our readers of The Liberalist would not be glad if this plan is carried out? I suggest you, too, write Dr. Bradley a card, telling him if you would be pleased to have the opportunity to get his broadcasts in book form. Here is a letter from a listener in Wisconsin, expressing her reaction to the idea: "Dear Dr. Bradley: I was pleased with last Friday night's broadcast, for it fully expressed my wishes. Often I have wanted a copy of your fine talks, but didn't want to make a nuisance of myself by requesting them. Your sponsor has been most cooperative in sending me all the copies I requested, but I feel I cannot take advantage of his kindness by asking for any more.

"I am delighted with the idea of having a compilation of your fine views on the problems of every day living. What a comfort it is going to be to people in their frustrations to turn to a classified page of your book and find your lines that will help them solve their difficulties in these perplexing times.

"I live in an area where radio reception is not always the best, therefore miss parts of the broadcast, and often do not get the names of people or books you mention.

"Looking forward to having a collection of your helpful talks, I am Most gratefully, Louise Luchterhand."

* * *

And now I have at hand a delightful letter—it is quite extraordinary, I think—reads like a story, from Oshkosh, Wisconsin. The writer has an antique shop and also gives talks to clubs, etc., on "Early American Glass" and "Lumber-Jack Folk-Lore." She, I am sure, is definitely out of the ordinary, hence extraordinary. I want to meet her sometime on her own premises. Her letter is rather long and will take the rest of our space, so without further comment I give it to you: "Dear Dr. Bradley: I always enjoy your talks over the radio and I like very much the way you stress man's oneness. Also that you teach tolerance, neighborly kindness, and best of all, you try so hard to make us understand that there is plenty of food, raiment and opportunity for all God's children.

"The other evening I was interested in your speaking of criticism. I could never picture anyone who listens to your fine talk trying to criticise. When you used the word "fetch" in your talk the other evening while trying to explain about criticism, it brought back to my mind that I was criticised once for using this word in one of my talks.

"At that time I had living in my home a professor of the English language who was at the head of the English College. In talking this over with this professor, here are his remarks: "We sometimes differ in our opinion with other people, but we must always remember we are all individuals with tastes and desires and interests of our very own. We should never expect another person to conform to our idea of what he should be. Instead of criticising him when he does not react to what we think he should be, we ourselves need to realize that each person has a right to think and talk as seems best to himself. Even if his very actions do not please us, we should not allow ourselves to think that we have a right to hurt, to criticise, or condemn. We should free him or her in our mind and heart to be himself or herself. If anyone wants to criticise they should hire out to publishing companies who pay for the same, to criticise writings, but never become so conceited as to think they know it all, for if they do, they show their lack of good manners and become what is called 'A small-town snob.' "

"After this, Dr. Bradley, I felt better about using the word 'fetch.' Now may I tell you why I use this word once in a while? It was a word that my mother used, and I, like some others, think it is a very good word. I am a woman way along in years; I was born in Michigan not very far from your birthplace. I spent my girlhood days in a little lumbering town, with its tar-papered homes housing the families of the lumber-jacks, river men, and some shingle-mill men. My winters were spent in the deep forest of pine woods, miles from any school, and the only schooling I received was when I spent my summers in the little town.

We spent the summers in the little town, and while there my mother was always called upon to help the only doctor. This doctor lived in a tar-papered home like the rest, his being a home and office in one. A wooden kitchen table was used as an operating table, oil lamps the only lights. But here in this little room many lives were saved by the courage of this doctor and my mother. To operate and administer chloroform by open flame of lamps took lots of courage. But when these trying times came, like when a lumber-jack had a crushed leg or legs that had to be amputated, with no hospital near, it had to be done, and when the doctor was ready, my mother would administer the chloroform; then, if you or I could have been near, we would have heard a low sweet voice, full of God's love saying, 'Now, don't you worry, we will FETCH you out of this, and you will be as good as new.' Many of these men and women who lay on that crude table said it was my mother's words of comfort and courage that pulled them through. That was the word that mother used, and not one of those brave men or women ever criticised her, and that's why I love that word and will always use it whenever I wish.

"I think if we would only stop before we criticise others and think 'What have I done in the Master's name?' we might have to stand for a criticism much greater than one for having used a word of poor English. No matter what other people say or do, they cannot deprive us of our own good. We will always find that God's justice works through the lives of each one of us to equalize and make things right.

"God bless you and Mrs. Bradley. Xerxa LeBrun Tripp."

* * *

March not only brings the first day of Spring, but this year it also brings Easter. The weeks leading us to Easter day are a good time in which to adjust

our thinking; to clean our mental house as it were; to listen to the wee small voice within; to obey our better instincts that have been prodding us perhaps since we made New Year's resolutions. Read something daily from inspirational books, take time for meditation in this quiet season of Lent, and go to the church of your choice as often as you can. During Holy Week (that week before Easter) there will be noonday services daily (Monday through Friday) in the Erlanger Theatre, and every evening in the Peoples Church. You will be very welcome.

May the beauty and peace of Eastertide abide in your heart and home.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

"THE VALLEY OF DECISION"

If you were to sit down and try to analyze your own life up until now, just as I sometimes try to do, and go back over everything that has happened to you, everything you have done, every factor that has contributed to your being just what you are now, just the person you are, just the condition in which you find yourself, what would you discover?

You would discover that what you are is the result of the myriads of decisions you have made. Not so much what other people have done to you, not so much what external environment has contributed to the development of your own capacities as an individual, not so much because you were the victim of uncontrollable circumstances, for there is much less of that in the world than people think. People use that as an escape mechanism—they develop the philosophy that they are the victim of uncontrollable circumstances, and frequently use it as an excuse for their own failure.

I know there are people who are victims, and probably there is not a person who is not a victim at some time and there are uncontrollable circumstances that do sometimes enter your life and mine that we could not avoid, but they are always exceptions. By and large, whatever achievement we have made, whatever has happened to my life and yours is the result of decisions we have made. We are always coming to crossroads in life. One signboard points this way, another signboard points that way — and we have to decide.

I believe when it comes to the matter of a man's deciding something which has to do with his own spiritual destiny that he has there the principle of free will upon which to operate. I know that he may have certain inherent tendencies which are due to certain organic constituencies and these questions enter into the matter of his decisions, but in the inner structure of his personality, is this matter of decision, not only *must* he make it, but he *can* make it, and finally he *does* make it. For, if you have not decided, your non-decision is a decision. You finally decide. The decision not to decide is your decision.

It is very important that we be equipped to make our decisions in life, so that they may advance us into the dignity and beauty of living rather than pull us down into the despair and tragedy of failure. Great decisions are made every hour, and upon those decisions depends the full impact of our triumph over life. I don't worry about the acuteness of them, for all decisions are more or less acute, more or less dangerous, and have within themselves the capacity to make or mar, to break

or scar, and I know that great nations, and great personalities, and great men, and great hearts have met the "Valley of Decision"—every one of them.

Out of the centuries Joshua thundered: "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve!"

The immortal Bard of Avon, in his grasp of the whole range of the human spirit, uttered for an age like ours that imperishable sentence of his great genius, that comes to us with the full impact of its modernity, just as it was uttered in the day and age in which it was spoken:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

Decision; choice. If an aviator is listening he knows that there is one point in flying between Gander, Newfoundland, and Ireland in the Atlantic, which is called "The point of decision." What does he mean by that? He means the aviator comes to the point of decision; then it is that he asks how much fuel has been consumed, how much oil the engines have taken in running so far, how much there is left. And that point of decision comes when he cannot turn back; when it becomes more dangerous to turn back than to keep on going; and when that moment of decision comes there is only one thing to do—no matter what the weather is, storm, hurricane, he cannot go back, he must go forward. The moment of decision in mid-Atlantic. Not power enough to go back over what he has gone through; there is no way to go but forward.

Amelia Earhart, 20 yeas ago this year, in 1928, made her first solo flight across the Atlantic. An oil line burst and for moments she debated whether to turn back, estimated the amount of fuel left, and made the wise decision that there was not enough to take her back. No matter what was happening to the ship, she must go forward; she could never go backward; so she went forward, and became the first woman to cross the Atlantic alone.

There are moments of decision in your life and mine when we cannot go back; we must go forward and meet the dangers of tomorrow in the light of the decision of today. Multitudes, multitudes, as Joel said, hundreds of years before the coming of Christ, "Multitudes in the valley of decision!"

"TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY" of the UPTOWN PLAYERS

J. BRADLEY-GRIFFIN, distinguished director of The Uptown Players, has a most interesting background. Born in Bradford, Yorkshire, England, he came to America with his mother, sister and brother when he was seven years old, shortly after the death of his father who had been a prominent London physician. He began his theatrical career with the Orpheum Circuit while still in his teens. This eventually took him to New York where he worked under John Murray Anderson in the opening of the Palais Royal in Fritzi Scheff's review, "Venus on Broadway."

Following this he danced at the famous Rector Futuristic Room for 26 weeks. Later he was engaged by Raymond Hitchcock in the cast of his first "Hitchy-Koo," a cast which included

Lillian Russell and Irene Bordoni who was making her first American appearance. One of Jimmy's happiest memories is his beautiful friendship with Lillian Russell who urged him to return to Chicago and complete his education.

It was at this very early point in Jimmy's life that Dr. and Mrs. Preston Bradley became personally interested in the career of the talented young man. Mutual interest in Jimmy's future led to a deep and lasting friendship between the Bradley and Griffin families.

Jimmy enrolled in Lake View High School where he was active in the plays and operettas, playing major roles as well as directing and presenting the annual alumnae shows. While he was in his senior year at Lake View, he and a group of his friends approached Dr. Bradley with the idea of organizing a little theatre group in The Peoples Church.

Because of Dr. Bradley's keen interest in the theatre and its educational and cultural advantages, this idea met with his enthusiastic approval and wholehearted support. An announcement was sent out to all the young people of the church, particularly members of The Temple Club, to meet in Channing Hall, the quarters maintained by the church at that time in a building at the northeast corner of Leland Avenue and Broadway. Into this group Jimmy brought some of his fellow students from high school, among them Lottie Gaynor, later to gain fame in the movies as Janet Gaynor; and Melvyn Hesselberger, who later achieved stardom in the movies as Melvyn Douglas. The group agreed upon the name "The Temple Players" because of its association with The Temple Club of The Peoples Church. Their first production was a three-act play entitled "The Charm School."

Shortly after this, Jimmy enrolled at Northwestern University, and the activities of the group were devoted to production of one-act plays, play readings, and dramatic entertainment for the various church organizations. From the beginning it was Dr. Bradley's help and inspiration that guided the activities and efforts of the little group. Through the years he has never failed to find time to lend a helping hand and a word of advice and encouragement.

In 1926 the group changed its name from The Temple Players to The Uptown Players. At this time they formed a corporation not for profit under the name of The Uptown Players of The Peoples Church of Chicago, the name which they still retain today. The first president of the newly formed corporation was Florence Mellum, now Mrs. Russel Furlong, with Dr. Bradley as the Honorary President. The first full length play produced under the name of The Uptown Players was Booth Tarkington's "Clarence" in 1926. Because Jimmy was away at school the direction of the play was placed in the hands of Madeline Armistead.

The work of The Uptown Players met with instant acclaim. All proceeds from their plays went into the work of The Peoples Church and a great deal of time and effort was devoted to raising money for the Church Building Fund and the Organ Fund.

In 1929 The Uptown Players entered the Drama League Tournament, presenting "Smoke Screen," by Robert Kasper. They won first place and were awarded the Edith Rockefeller McCormick Cup. That same year Kenneth MacGowan referred to the work of the Players in his book "Footlights Across America."

On April 23, 1939, they received the Chicago Foundation for Literature Award for their outstanding contribution to the cultural life of Chicago.

With the completion in 1926 of the church building at 941 Lawrence Ave., which had long been Dr. Bradley's dream, all Uptown Players' productions were presented in Channing Hall and the monthly Drama Teas in Bradley Hall. By 1933 the facilities of Channing Hall had become inadequate and as a result the plays were moved to the Chicago Woman's Club Theatre where they were presented until 1940, at which time The Players moved to the Civic Theatre where they played until 1943. That year they opened their own theatre at 1219 North LaSalle Street where they presented their first play on March 5, 1943.

Three years of hard work and a great deal of love went into making the building an ideal little theatre workshop. Then came the fire on the night of April 20, 1946, just before the close of a performance of "You Can't Take It With You." Only someone of Jimmy's inspired purpose, backed by the undaunted spirit of Dr. Bradley and the loyalty of the Players, and their friends, was capable of carrying them through the black weeks that followed. With Dr. Bradley's encouragement, Jimmy lost no time in finding temporary headquarters and a theatre in which to complete the scheduled season. The following October they opened at the 11th Street Theatre—their present home.

Last year to Jimmy and The Uptown Players came a thrilling opportunity for a summer season at the beautiful Luzern Garden Theatre in Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. The Players are all looking forward to another successful season there this summer.

The one factor which distinguishes the Uptown Players from other little theatre groups is the genius of J. Bradley-Griffin. He is recognized not only as a successful director, but also as an actor, dramatic recitalist, playwright, and teacher. He has appeared as guest artist at the White House; at Town Hall, New York; Orchestra Hall, the Studebaker Theatre, and the Civic Theatre, and has made numerous appearances at the Grant Park Concerts in Chicago. This year he was invited for the third time to be the judge of the Marshall Drama Tournament in Rock Island, Illinois, the only judge ever to be invited to serve more than once.

The success of this group under Jimmy's direction is known throughout the country. One might say that his rare ability for discovering and developing talent is as great as his ability as a director. Every season Uptown Players go on to the ranks of the professional theatre, the movies, and radio. Former Players include such names as Janet Gaynor, Melvyn Douglas, Tyrone Power, Richard Long, Marjorie Hochelle, Ralph Alswang, Hugh Marlowe, Philip Carlyle, Helen Randall, Dick Barron, Tom McDermott, Ed Prentiss, Wilms Herbert, John Graham, and many others.

Jimmy has professional aspirations only for the young people who have worked under his direction and inspiration. Despite tempting offers from Hollywood and New York, he prefers to devote all his efforts to his own "training ground." With such a personality at the head of the organization, ever inspired and encouraged by the love and deep interest of Dr. Bradley, The Uptown Players feel confident that the next twenty-five years hold even greater things in store for them.

PEOPLES CHURCH ACTIVITIES

Lawrence at Sheridan
36th Season

SUNDAY MORNING SERVICE (Broadcast by WJJD)....11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.
SUNDAY EVENING SERVICE (Not Broadcast)..... 7:30 p.m.

CHURCH SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION, Anderson Hall. Classes for all age groups. Robert Crosswhite, Supt. Sunday..... 9:30 a.m.

Friday evening, March 12th, Anderson Hall, The Church School will present "A Radio Review," with Robert Hangel, Director, assisted by Earl Neindorf. Children of Church School will participate..... 7:30 p.m.

CHOIR REHEARSAL, Walter Flandorf, Organist and Director, every Friday (Auditions 7:30 p.m.), Church Auditorium..... 8:00 p.m.

WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting in Anderson Hall). Wednesday, March 3rd, Rummage Sale at 2825 Lincoln Ave. Bring donations to church office, 941 Lawrence Ave..... All day

Woman's Club will sponsor a church dinner Monday, March 8th, Anderson Hall. $1.25 per plate. Annual Meeting of People's Church.... 6:30 p.m.

Monday, March 1st, meeting in charge of Education Dept., Mrs. J. M. Hamm, Chrmn. She will present Grace Leeman Seigert, well known in dramatic and musical circles of the country, in a review of the recent biography of Eleanore Duse. Mrs. Seigert is at present Pres. of Chicago Woman's Musical Club. Music furnished by Joan Price Mehaffey, gifted young soprano, accompanied by Grace Prince. Mrs. William Emrich and Mrs. J. J. Wayland will be tea hour hostesses..... 1:00 p.m.

Monday, March 15th, meeting in charge of International Relations Dept., Mrs. William A. E. Roth, Chrmn., Mrs. Walter Flandorf, Co-Chrmn., presenting Mae Doelling Schmidt, pianist of national fame, who is bringing part of her interesting collection of Chinese historical art objects, and will play and explain some of the Chinese music which she and other composers have arranged for the the piano. Guest speaker will be Dr. William Wood of Evanston, speaker for UNESCO, who will tell of the work of this organization in International Relations. Tea hour hostesses, Mrs. H. A. Beestorp and Mrs. Paul Kanthak..... 1:00 p.m.

PROFESSIONAL AND BUSINESS WOMAN'S CLUB (Meeting in Anderson Hall).

Tuesday, March 9th, International Night. Presenting Dr. James Yard, Director of American Brotherhood, on "One World or None." Dr. Yard was one of the first faculty members of the West China Union University at Chengtu and one of the founders of the Woman's College. He has travelled extensively in China, Japan, the Philippines and Europe. Lived in China 15 years. Translator of Chinese Poetry. Former editor of China Christian Advocate, Director of World Service for Methodist Church. He thinks and makes his hearers think. Public welcome ..... 8:00 p.m.

Tuesday, March 16th, presenting The Nightingale of Whistlers—Pauline Esdale, in Dawn and Evening Bird Calls and Bird Solos, with piano accompaniment; Hand-colored Bird Slides. Community Singing. This evening's entertainment will be an educational and cultural thrill for young and old. Public invited. Guest fee 50c..... 8:00 p.m.

MEN'S CLUB—Meets the fourth Monday of each month in Anderson Hall.. 8:00 p.m.
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PRESTON BRADLEY AUXILIARY OF THE MARY BARTELME CLUB—Meets with Professional and Business Woman's Club..... 8:00 p.m.
PARENT-TEACHERS FORUM OF CHURCH SCHOOL—Meets second Monday of each month, Anderson Hall ..... 8:00 p.m.

CHANNING CLUB—Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays of each month. Anderson Hall. March meetings, March 4th and 18th. Joan Pink, Corr. Sec., 4608 Hazel Ave. Ard. 1482..... 8:00 p.m

GIRL SCOUT TROOP NO. 187—Meets every Thursday evening, Anderson Hall ..... 7:30 p.m.

Betty Boaz, Leader, 7637 N. Greenview Ave. (26). Rog. 5742.

THE UPTOWN PLAYERS—J. Bradley-Griffin, Director. Studios, 1149 N. LaSalle St. Phone Mic. 7766. Plays presented in Eleventh Street Theatre, 62 E. 11th St. For complete schedule see page 23.

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Sunday morning, direct from Church Auditorium....11:00 a.m. to 12:30 p.m.
WGN—Monday through Friday.....6:00 p.m.

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